

J. O. MATHEWSON,
PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AUGUSTA, GA.
may 18-ly.

C. K. LIDE
WITH
WILSON, BURNS & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers and Commission Merchants,
30 South Howard Street, corner of Lombard,
BALTIMORE.

WE keep constantly on hand a large and well-assorted stock of Groceries, suitable for the Southern and Western trade. We solicit consignments of Country Produce, such as Cotton, Feathers, Hides, etc. Our facilities for doing business are such as to warrant quick sales and prompt returns. All orders will have our prompt attention. (Imag.)

J. COOPER, W. VAN HORN, J. VAN HORN.

COOTER & CO.
DEALERS IN
General Merchandise,
Chucky Bend, Hamblen County, Tenn.

PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.
SALT ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND. (Imag.)

F. L. DAVIES & BRO.,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds.
AND
Sterling Silverware.
CORNER CHURCH AND SUMMER STS.
NASHVILLE, TENN.
nov 29-ly.

Mrs. A. P. Flynn,
At the Turkey House,
MORRISTOWN, TENN.

KEEPS constantly on hand the latest and most fashionable styles of
Millinery and Straw Goods,
BONNETS, TRIMMING AND VELVET RIBBONS,
Bonnets, Silks, Satins and Velvets,
Blends, Nets, Crapes, Ruches, Flowers,
Feathers, Ornaments,
Straw Bonnets & Ladies' Hats
TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED

MRS. A. J. DONALDSON, MRS. E. E. HAZARD.

DONALDSON & HAYNIE,
Dressmakers & Milliners,
MAIN STREET,
(First door west of the State Mill),
MORRISTOWN, TENN.

WORLD REPUTATION for the quality of goods and prices.
Our Cigars can be purchased at manufacturers' prices, from Dr. G. T. Moore, Morristown.

E. E. ESPERANDIEU, E. ESPERANDIEU.

ESPERANDIEU & CO.,
Cigar Manufacturers,
KNOXVILLE, TENN.

From attention paid to Orders, and satisfaction guaranteed as to quality of goods and prices.

Our Cigars can be purchased at manufacturers' prices, from Dr. G. T. Moore, Morristown.

J. H. COULTER, J. W. BROWDER.

COULTER & BROWDER,
DEALERS IN
Drugs, Medicines, Paints,
Oils, Varnishes, Dyestuffs,
Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods
AND, IN FACT,
Everything usually kept in a
Retail Drug Store.

Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

THE OLD, RELIABLE AND "PERMANENT"

Barber,
CONTINUING to "hold forth" at his old stand on Cumberland Street, near the Railroad, where he will be pleased to see and wait upon all of his old customers, and as many new ones as may feel inclined to patronize him.

Lewis & Jackson,

[SUCCESSORS TO EVANS & LEWIS.]

DEALERS IN

Boots, Shoes,

HATS, CAPS,

Furs, Trunks, Traveling Bags,

UMBRELLAS,

FURNISHING GOODS, &c.

No 52 Gay Street,
Knoxville, Tenn.

Ben. F. Mitchell,

CARPENTER & BUILDER,

Morristown, Tenn.

PROPOSALS to the citizens of this community to

attend the Spring term, 1887, of the

school to be held at the residence of the

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One square, (ten lines, or less,) for first insertion One Dollar, each subsequent insertion Fifty cents. A liberal discount from the above rate will be made to yearly advertisers. Estimates of over ten lines will be charged as advertisements. All bills due upon first insertion of advertisement, unless otherwise contracted for. All announcements of candidates must be paid for in advance. No work must be paid for on delivery.

New Advertisements.

SPRING

WILSON, BURNS & CO.,

KNOXVILLE, TENN.,

Are now offering to the trade the largest and most desirable stock of

DRY GOODS

NOTIONS

Ever brought to the Southern country.

Cowan, McLung & Co.

Direct from the Manufacturers an immense stock of

Boots & Shoes

MADE TO ORDER.

Of the best material, and at their very large purchases secure to them extremely low figures, they are enabled to guarantee their prices against any market in the United States.

Cowan, McLung & Co.,

Have the Handsome Line of

HATS

Including Ladies' Trimmed Goods.

They ever purchased, and at lower prices.

Cowan, McLung & Co.

Have in store a FRESH STOCK OF

Clothing,

Adapted to the season.

Cowan, McLung & Co.

Are in receipt of full lines of

Hardware and Cutlery.

Cowan, McLung & Co.

Also have a special department of

QUEENSWARE,

GLASSWARE

AND

GROCERIES.

Cowan, McLung & Co.

ONLY SELL TO

MERCHANTS.

1873

The Type Upon Which

THIS PAPER

IS PRINTED

WAS CAST AT THE

RICHMOND TYPE FOUNDRY,

1200 & 1208 Franklin Street.

H. L. Pelouze & Co.

MOULDERS PATTERNS LETTERS

Always on Hand.

R. C. JACKSON, F. H. MCCLUNG, J. W. LILLIAN,

Pres't, Vice-Pres't, Cashier.

East Tennessee National Bank

OF KNOXVILLE,

(The only National Bank Between Salem, Va., and Cleveland, Tenn.)

Designated Depository of the United States

AND SUCCESSORS TO

First National Bank of Knoxville.

Stockholders:

Joe. B. Anderson, Bristol, H. H. Mallick, Bristol,

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Wm. Harris, Dandridge, Wm. Woodruff,

Geo. A. Tamm, J. W. Lillard,

R. C. Jackson, R. C. Jackson.

RECEIVES Deposits, Buys and Sells Exchange,

Foreign and Domestic, Deals in Gold, Silver,

Uncurrent Bank Notes, United States, State, County

and Corporation Bonds and Coupons, and will

do a General Collecting and Banking Business

throughout the United States. (Feb 14-ly.)

E. O. TATE,

Bank's Station, Tenn.

Merchandise

THOS. L. DORSEY,

GREENVILLE, TENN.,

Will be pleased to receive a call from all who

wish work done in

First Class Style

Of workmanship. And will insure a good fit at

reasonable price. (Imag.)

Store—On Main St., in Mr. Johnson's office, [Jett]

Poetry.

ROBBIE'S SOLD THE BABY.

Robbie's sold the baby!

Sold her out and out!

And I'll have to tell you

How it came about.

When on New Year's morning

Robbie's opening eyes

Spied the brand-new baby—

What a glad surprise!

Constantly we watched her,

Scarcely cared to play,

Lost the precious baby

Should be snatched away.

He it was who named her

"Becky," "Betty Ann;"

Told what he would buy her

When he was a man.

Now he's gone and sold her!

For today he ran

And proclaimed to mamma

"Yes, I've found a man!"

"Here's the man I'll buy her!"

Get ready, krick!

With an air of business,

Brandishing a stick.

"Sold my baby, Bobby?"

Mamma sadly said;

Robbie, quite decided,

Robbed his little head.

"Well, if this man buys her,

What will he give you?"

"Oh, two nice big horses,

And five pennies, too!"

"What's the good of babies?

Only 'quial and 'breast!

I can go horse-backing!"

When I get my team!"

But when quiet night came,

Robbie's prayers were said,

And he looked at baby

In his little bed.

And he said, when baby

Stirred in some sweet dream,

"She's wurt four horses,

"Stead of fess a team!"

Baby's wurt pink fingers

Round his own he curled;

"She's wurt all de horses

In dis whole big world."

Miscellaneous.

MR. ARUNDEL'S DAUGHTER.

BY ANNA MASON.

I was about to take a journey to Philadelphia to transact business for the firm of Van Dyck & Co., to which I had just been admitted as a partner, after serving a term of years as a book-keeper.

My father, having reached those balmy days when easy-chair and slippers were with irresistible force, and being well off in this world's goods, had decided to retire from business, leaving me to occupy his place in the firm.

Thus, at the age of twenty-four, with good health, a tolerable personal appearance and fine business prospects, I had as fair a start in life as one could ask.

In Philadelphia, aptly termed "The City of Brotherly Love," as I thought, when I had partaken of its hospitality, resided an old friend of my father, who had not seen me since my childhood.

By letter it was arranged that on my arrival I should immediately repair to Mr. Arundel's house, he insisting on receiving me as his guest, and make his acquaintance, and that of his family.

The exact time of my coming was not fixed, and thus it happened that early one February evening I reached their house, to find it brilliantly lighted, and myself a little unexpected.

Mr. and Mrs. Arundel, both of whom I at once liked, extended to me so cordial a reception, however, that I could but feel myself welcome.

"Our young people have company this evening," remarked Mr. Arundel; who seemed to be a very pleasant and jovial gentleman. "Had we known when to expect you, it shouldn't have been so. Your first evening should have been a quiet one, passed in our midst, devoted to breaking the ice and getting comfortably used to us."

"Never mind," interrupted Mrs. Arundel's cheerful voice. "I trust we shall succeed in making Mr. Van Dyck feel at home with us as it is. Our daughter and her young friends propose to entertain us this evening with some private theatricals, which I hope Mr. Van Dyck will not feel too fatigued to witness."

"To be sure not! to be sure not!" exclaimed Mr. Arundel, heartily, before I could reply. "We'll give our young friend Arthur, here, plenty of time in which to rest before the play begins, and he can receive his introductions later. So my boy, we'll have a cup of tea, and let John show you to your room at once."

Nearly an hour later, after a careful toilet made with thoughts of the daughter who had been mentioned, I descended to the parlor, and found it pretty well filled with guests seated as expectant spectators, while a subdued murmur of voices was audible from beyond the scarlet curtain which hid the back room from view.

"Come here, Arthur. Take a seat by me," said Mr. Arundel. "The play is about to begin, I believe."

Even as he spoke a bell tinkled, and the curtain was clumsily swept aside. It disclosed a small but beautifully constructed stage, and a background of scarlet drapery.

The play which followed was by no means remarkable. I remember there being a fair persecuted heroine,

Lady Alice, a dark and handsome lover with a guitar and velvet cloak, and a brilliant and beautiful rival to the fair lady, who, disguised as a waiting-maid, wove her spells about Sir Eustace.

The play wound up with an eulogium, in which the rival escapes with the false lover, leaving Lady Alice to a broken heart.

Absurd and shallow as was this plot, the play was rendered in the most spirited manner. The part of Lady Alice was played with touching pathos, by a lovely girl with fair hair and gentle eyes, dressed in simple white.

Mr. Arundel pointed her out to me.

"The young lady is my daughter Julia. She is called very pretty," he added a little complacently.

"And merits the praise, I assented warmly. 'But who is the dark one—the bewitching Elise? I confess I've fallen in love with her.'"

Mr. Arundel laughed so heartily that there were several cries of "Hush!" ere he replied:

"That young lady is my daughter, Miss Elise Arundel, very much at your service. She's a sad hoyden, I assure you Arthur."

"Perfectly bewitching, at any rate," I murmured.

In fact, I could not keep my eyes off the tall and dazzling beauty, who, in short skirts, high heeled slippers, velvet bodice, ruffled apron, and a captivating bit of head-dress, was so bright and bewitching that it almost seemed Sir Eustace might be pardoned for faltering in his allegiance. But when the disguise of the French waiting-maid was thrown aside, and Elise appeared resplendent in scarlet satin, with train of velvet and rich lace, her dark hair clustering in short thick curls above her noble brow, surmounted by a diadem of diamonds, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing with excitement. I exclaimed aloud:

"Glorious creature!"

She may have heard, for she turned and smiled on me.

"Miss Elise is radiantly beautiful," said I to Mr. Arundel.

"Do you think so? Well, perhaps you are right! You see she's younger than Julia, and a tomboy. She's developing rapidly, no doubt."

Mr. Arundel seemed shaking with uncontrollable laughter. I was disgusted. He had called that exquisite creature by an odious name.

"Miss Julia is evidently her papa's favorite," I thought to myself, somewhat bitterly.

"Here come the young ladies themselves," said Mr. Arundel, the play being over. "Very fine actresses you make, my dears." He then presented me.

Miss Arundel held out her hand half timidly. Miss Elise looked at me with her large eyes, then said heartily:

"I noticed you from the stage, Mr. Van Dyck, and knew at once I should like you. I played my best to please you."

I was a little disconcerted by this charming candor; but every one laughed, and Miss Julia asked:

"Are you sure you didn't fancy Mr. Van Dyck the hero of the play, and so make such an effort to fascinate poor Sir Eustace?"

"You've guessed it exactly," replied the frank young lady. "You see, Mr. Van Dyck," she went on, addressing me, "sister Julia has been flattered till she expects all the attentions; but I claim you." The daring girl had actually taken my arm.

"Run away with Mr. Van Dyck, if you please, Elise," cried Miss Julia, blushing but joining in the general laugh.

"You may have a dance with your conquest, if Mr. Van Dyck chooses to be regarded in that light," seconded Mr. Arundel.

"I've certainly no objections," I retorted laughing.

In another moment Elise and I were whirling among the dizzy waltzes.

"Every one is looking and laughing at us," remarked my eccentric partner, "as if I danced like an elephant."

"Impossible!" exclaimed I, deprecatingly. "Your waltzing is of the very essence of grace—the poetry of motion."

"At any rate, I've had enough of it. It is lovely in the conservatory; let us go in there and get cool by the fountain."

I followed her lead willingly enough.

"Isn't this delightful?" sighed Elise, as soon as we found ourselves alone, dropping her somewhat dashing manner, and looking up at me with a languid, almost timid glance.

She caught my admiring gaze and smiled, revealing dazzling teeth.

"Here's a seat among the roses for you, Mr. Van Dyck. The water from this fountain is as cool as ice, and as sparkling as diamonds; let me fill this goblet for you! 'Till hebe, cupbearer to the gods, and

you shall be the glorious Apollo. I'll take care not to stumble, to be banished from my Olympus. I'm in paradise, Mr. Van Dyck!"

"Your allusions are classical, fair lady; but are you in earnest in saying you are in paradise?"

"Of course I am, Monsieur, with the handsome gentleman in the company all to myself, and I a younger sister!"

Here Elise, half kneeling, presented the goblet with a bewitching grace. Judge me not too harshly, kind reader when I admit that my heart beat rapidly. I was young and susceptible.

"I've no accomplishments," went on my charmer. "I cannot play the piano, nor sing, nor dance like my sister Julia; but—here she paused, and looked at me half defiantly,—I can play billiards!"

"A sort of Di Vernon," retorted I, by no means startled from my self-possession.

"O dear! I'll tell pa you called me that!"

"Did you call me dear?" I asked silyly.